

A

## D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

Roger ——— and Mr. Rob. Ferg ———

In NEWGATE,

Relating to the PLOT.

Rog. **T**He worthy Mr. Ferg ———

Ferg. The Reverend Sir Roger.

Rog. Oh Sir, this is a smile of Fortune indeed, when in this melancholly Region of Abdication, I am permitted, thanks to a Goaler, the conversation of the celebrated Mr. Ferg ———, whose Person though I never had the Honour to be acquainted with, yet his Name and Merits have been my particular Familia-

Ferg. Yes Sir, I understand my Name and Merits have been your particular Intimacy; you have been both their Heralld and Historian, and have Blazon'd them in Capital *BLACKS* in many *Observator*.

Rog. Really Sir, you do me a great deal of Right; I have never been sparing of *Black* and *White*: The flourishes of my Quill have been profusely generous. I never saw any shining feature, or *Mosaick* face, from Great *Nos*'s Nose, to Little *Titus* Chin, but I have play'd the kind *Lely*. A beautiful Pen should never want Drapery, where my Pensil could furnish it.

Ferg. 'Tis worthily said of you. You speak like a plain Dealer.

A

Sir

Sir Roger. But, Mr. *Ferguson*, I have had a long desire of kissing your Hand by the way of Congratulation, and welcome to our side. From a *Saul* to a *Paul*, a Persecutor to a Devotee as there's joy even in Heaven at a sinners conversion, give me leave to express no common Transport, in gaining so considerable a Patron to our glorious though at present, drooping Cause.

*Ferg.* Ay, Sir Roger, I am a sort of a Come-over, to that drooping Cause, as you call it, *Ecce signum*, these Bonds.

Sir Roger, Ay, that's our common misfortune. But, Mr. *Ferguson*, I hope the great Truths that I have so long Preacht, published and recorded, amongst the many Eves they have opened, have had some illumination upon Mr. *Ferg* — ; for I should be proud of being any ways instrumental to so eminent a Conversion.

*Ferg.* Nay, Sir Roger, not to boast any great operation upon me for I am a meer Volunteer, and my whole illumination is purely my own, nevertheless I must give thee this immortal Applause That the Protestant Zealots that have had any hand in this Plot or been well-wishers towards it, are most, if not all, thy Disciples; and all that die in it, are no better than thy Martyrs.

Sir Roger, Good Heaven forbid! My Martyrs! What, draw innocent Blood upon my head: Lord have mercy on me. I hope you are not in earnest.

*Ferg.* Nay, 'Tis too true for a Jest. I say nothing but what can prove.

Sir Rog. How prove Sir! I hope you do not set up for an Evidence.

*Ferg.* No, Sir Roger, as I am a bonny Scot, I am more a Gentleman than to make a Peather; not but my natural, personal tenderness would go far, to tempt my mortal Frailty that way: However there's no danger of me in that case, for had I an inclination towards it, I am afraid the World wants faith, and a *Ferg* — Oracles would find but few Believers: And therefore pray Sir Roger, dispell that bodily fear: All I have to say is only Inten-



Sir Roger, Nay, then you have dispell'd my fear, and therefore pray go on with this bloody Charge against me, for I dare any Arraignment, where there's neither the face of Judge or Jury, Mr. Ferg——.

Ferg. Say you so? Then pray tell me what are all our *Facobite* tools, but Pupils and Profelites to those two Pillars of thy Church, *Divino* and *Passive Obedience*.

Sir Roger. And what have you to object against those two Pillars?

Ferg. Nay, no great matter but only that a very weak *Samp-* may totter them: For, in short, what is thy *Divine Right* from above, and our *Non-Resistances* below, and all thy Long-inded Arguments upon that Subject, any more than so many high flown *Enthusiasms*, to help up the *Golden Image* of an Arbitrary *Nebuchadnezar*, whilst that *Fidle* of thine, thy Observations have been the *Psaltreys*, and *Sackbuts* to tune us to fall down and worship. A King, at this rate, by thy Assertion, provided his direct Succession, be unquestionable, in nothing else, though ever so indirect, can be questionable: For he may Be what he please, and Do what he pleases Set up what he please, and pull down what he please, swear what we and our Laws please, and perform what he and his no Law please; Run away from his People when he pleases, and Return when and how he please: In fine, that a Right Line sanctifies all Wrong; That the True Blood in our Veins, Entitles him to the whole Blood in our Veins: And that if he please to take it, we must please to give it him, unless Tears or Prayers can shield off the Blow; for Sir Rodger is resolv'd to allow no other *Edge-Tool*, or *Armour*, Offensive or Defensive; for our Protection.

Sir Rog. Lord Sir, I am all amazement: Can you talk at this wild rate, and be one of us?

Sir Rog. One of You! Ay, never the worse for talking, old Boy. Is a Sign I am the more ingenious Friend to your Cause, when I sit under your Banner, *ex mero motu*, frankly and generously.

Not blindly drawn into a party by Cob-web Arugments, the  
Gin to catch Wood-cocks; Men of Sense are above it.

*Sir Rog.* But sure you don't think that the Right of our Great  
Master, his Divine Right of Royal Inheritance in his Claim to  
Crowns a Trifle to be thus jested with?

*Ferg.* Jest Sir! All Jest. There neither is, nor ever was any  
such Divine Right in the World.

*Sir Rog.* How! No Divine Right.

*Ferg.* Right is so far from any Claim Divine, that 'twas always  
the Creation of Power, and Sanction of the Community. If  
Lineal Chain of Succession be all thy Foundation; Prithce, in  
what part of the World wilt thou find it? How many times  
since the Conquest in 27 Reigns, has that Succession been broken,  
ken, ( and if once broken, 'tis never truly rejoined again: ) For  
instance, between the Houses of York and Lancashire, these quondam  
dam hot, and sometimes bloody Disputants of Sovereignty, how  
have Kings been deposed? What Changes made? and yet the  
present Allegiance never question'd nor disputed. What Divine  
Right had Harry the 7th, when the World will tell you his best  
Title, lay in his Queen, and yet we never read that his People  
either murmured, or quarrell'd his Recognition to the Throne  
by Act of Parliament, out of any Grievance, that the Duke of  
Richmond was their Crowned-head, and their Crown'd heire  
but a Subject: Nor, as I ever heard, did his Son Harry the 8th  
his Successor, upon the death of his Mother, claim possession be-  
fore his Father's decease, by any Pretension of better Royal  
Blood in his own, than his Father had in his Veins.

*Sir Roger,* But certainly the Divine Right of Monarchs.

*Ferg.* Is a meer sophistry, The Juggle of Priestcraft, and pre-  
tension of Superstition. So far from any thing of Divine in the  
case, that God Almighty himself Abdicated ( or very little bet-  
ter ) the very first King even of his own making; laid his  
government to his charge, and Anointed his Successor even be-  
fore his death, and that too in the person of his darling David.



Man after his own heart; so far from a Son, or Right Heir of  
that he was no Kin to the family; so little was Royal Suc-  
cession the Care of Heaven, or ought to be the Quarrel of  
to

Sir Roger, Truly, Mr. Ferg—, you talk strange bug words,  
and what ever your own private Opinion is, I hope you do not  
teach these Tenents amongst your *Jacobite* freinds.

Ferg. Quite contrary, Sir Roger, for where *populus vult ducipi*  
wa *ciatur*. *The Wise know better*. Shall we be worse than the Race of  
If so, uncover our own nakedness? No, Sir Roger, not all *Evan-*  
*gels veritas*, but some *pia fraus*. There's stratagem to be used in  
ime *Church Militant*, as well as a *Camp Militant*, not all downright  
broughth of Reason in one, nor length of Sword in the other:  
For Example, pray who were greater Assertors of that *jus Divi-*  
*honi* Doctrine, than our two last dying Freinds, and as they had  
hoved so strenuous in it, did not the wise managers of their death,  
t the sweetness of Mortality; the 3 *Tyburn Absolvers*, very prud-  
viny take care that they should dye in it strenuously too. Ay,  
bel Sir Roger, we must now be those false Traitors to our Cause, as  
ople *we* ray our own Nest.

one Sir Rog. Verily, Mr. Ferg—, you discourse the Politicks  
ke our Cause extreamly well. But to satisfy one Curiosity, pray  
ire me quit this subject, and without offence be so bold as to ask  
8th one single Question.

in be Ferg. A double one, and welcome, Sir.

oy Sir Rog. Considering then the Character the World gives of  
your Fluctuating Principles, and uneasiness in all Govern-  
us, how comes it that those worthy Gentlemen, concerned in  
pre glorious, tho dangerous Enterprize, durst lodge so great & im-  
the ant a Trust with such volatile Mercury, as Mr. Ferg—'s?

bet Ferg. My Character, say you! Why? 'tis the only thing that  
Miscommended me to their Confidence. For pray, to compare  
in be between us; you are Zealots and Partisans in a Conspiracy  
vid (sooth) out of a principle of Right and Justice, But I am  
the animated

animated by a Sprightlier Fire ; am for Mutiny and Mischief right or wrong. You act by dictates of Conscience and Honour but I have been slighted and disoblged by the present Government, and my Motives against it are Spight and Revenge: *Revenge* never weighs nor disputes, when on the contrary, Honour may be tender and scrupulous: Besides, yours is but Love, but mine the Lust of Rebellion: and Love may sometimes cool, when Lust always burns.

Sir Rog. in troth, Mr. *Ferg*——, this Argument favours a little too much of the *Libertine*. But you are a glorious *Don John* and I am satisfied the worthy Gentlemen could not have made a nobler Choice, than such a Friend and Champion, as Mr. *Ferg*——.

*Ferg*. Nay Sir, since you touch me in that sensible part, I must tell you farther, That I am always the *Almanzor* of a Conspiracy, *Almanzor*-like, I know neither one side nor to'ther, any longer than I am pushing in it: But then like an *Almanzor* too, Man pushes so heartily and so home as I do. And for distinctions of which King, or what King, in short, I run a muck at Kings; and indeed at all Religions too: For, between Friend my King, my Country, my Religion, my Heaven, are all concentrated in my self.

Sir Rog. Really Mr. *Ferg*——, you here give me so extraordinary, and withal so ingenious a Declaration, that I must acknowledge you a person truly worthy Admiration, though not together Imitation. For though you are an absolute Original, and that no mean one, Yet, I confess, 'tis such a one as I distrust my Copy. My tenderer Morals are a little more nice and squeamish, howe'er to give you your due renown; I heartily wish that the Hands and Hearts, engaged in this Pious and honest Controversy, had been all of your Nerve and Mould. For then, we might have hoped to have had an answerable success to the greatness of the undertaking, and Resolution of the Undertakers, and not have had it thus poorly miscarry, by so many Sieves and Spunges, the Leaky false Brothers, whose Cowardly Revolts and Apostasy



so weakly and basely betrayed, it to our whole Causes ut-  
 Confusion and Ruine. For truly, Sir, though I my self can-  
 come up to your Heights, however I must do you this Right,  
 you are one of the most qualified Instruments, to embark in  
 such Religious and Righteous bold Cause. For indeed, 'tis  
 my Maxim, *That provided the Dagger be but consecrated, no*  
*whether the hand be or no.*

There you say Right, Sir Roger; For we have holy Writ  
 on our side in that point. For we do not read that *Tyrus* the Great,  
 a Heathen and Infidel, is called the *Servant of God* - viz.  
 the great ends for which God had raised him. And with the  
 parity of Reason, our Grand Patron *Lewis*, is the most  
 Christian Servant of Jesus, though the most Faithful Sworn Bro-  
 ther of *Mahomet*.

Rog. Nay, Mr. Ferg—, now you talk of such Great  
 in their Age, as a *Cyrus* and a *Lewis*. From their great Ex-  
 ample, I think it but highly reasonable, and every ways honour-  
 able, that every Man that has the least glowing spark of Ambiti-  
 on in his Veins, should, and ought to signalize himself, by doing  
 something that may make him Great and Famous in his Genera-

tion. Famous in his Generation! Is that all? Ay, Famous to  
 posterity. That was always my Principle: To be a *Constantine*,  
 or *Erostratus*, to Found Churches, or to Destroy Churches;  
 to build States, or subvert them; to do something Great either one  
 way or t'other; (no matter which:) to attempt any thing,  
 and sink at nothing, that may leave an Immortal Name behind

Rog. Nay, Mr. Ferg—, there we differ. An *Erostratus*  
 is too much. I declare I was never that hardy *Bontesen*  
 or *Incendiary*, I  
 That fanning the Coals, or lighting the Train, to Fire  
 up a Conventicle has been my particular Master-piece and  
 I was ever a profest *Nero* at such a Conflagration, and  
 Sung

Sung to my Fiddle, as heartily, as that *Illustrious Roman* to Harp, at such a *Bonfire*. But as to the *Church of England*, I ever so wholly in her *Interests* ( as our dear departed has it ) very tender there, till her protection and preservation was so near and dear to me, that I avow my self her protest Knight Errant, her Dimock, her Champion &c. And now to tell the very top of my Ambition, and height of all my hopes, and deed the only great thing that I designed should immortalize my Name, was one glorious Projection that I had formed for *Church of England's* service. Oh! 'twas the only grand End of my fifty years Bellows had been blowing for. My whole *Birth*, my *Minerva*, my —

*Ferg.* And pray, What was this glorious Projection?

*Sir Rog.* You may remember, how, at the first Protestant W and Dawn of Popery, in my *Observators*, I projected an *Accommodation*—

*Ferg.* Between both Churches.

*Sir Rog.* Right Sir, an amicable Reconciliation between old *Roman Mother*, and the Young *English Virgine Church*: mark you me Sir, to carry on this great work, having at time a wonderful Influence over the *Clergy*.

*Ferg.* Influence! Ay, *Sir Roger*, thou wert whole and sole of their Ascendant: An *Absolute Pontifex Maximus* amongst them. He the *Seruus Servorum*, and thou the *Guide of Guides*. But go on.

*Sir Roger.* Then, what with that Ascendance, and my own of Eloquence, I had projected, as I told you, such an Accommodation, such an *Eternal Foundation* of Peace, such Pillars of *Irenicum*, that had not the obstinacy of the Times obstructed glorious a Pile, I had built a Tower that should have reached Heaven, without the danger of one Tongue of Confusion: Bringing the *Lamb* and *Lion* to couch together, so lovingly and harmoniously, that instead of a *Maudlin* at one end of the Town, and a *Cillery Church* at another, we had saved all that trouble; so hush, for



to composed all Jars, till even from a *Pauls* to a *Pancrass*, from  
 d, I highest to the lowest, one Roof should have hold Both, as  
 it, ly reconciled, as a Dancing-School and a Meeting-house:  
 vase with all that sisterly Love, even to the quietness and inno-  
 Kn of a *Switzerland* Congregation: not one Church amongst  
 tell should have had *Mass* in the Morning. and *Common Pray-*  
 and the Afternoon.

ay. Nay, this Design was great indeed.  
 Roger. Great! Ay, What could be greater, especially on  
 Church of *England's* side? For what could have aggrandiz-  
 Church of *England* more, than her generous Hospitality,  
 adopting, Naturalizing and Incorporating so considerable an  
 ion to her Strength, Wealth and Fortunes. Whilest like  
 t W Empire, but two *Czars*, our Church by this *Hand-in-hand*  
 A had arrived to the height even of an Absolute *Muscovite*  
 rchy.

ay. Upon my Veracity, Sir Roger, I never heard of a De-  
 more Heroick.

ch: Rog. Ay, Mr. *Ferg*, had my Good Fortune been but answer-  
 at to my Good Parts, without Vanity let me tell you, I, and  
 oliticks, had set up my Royal Pupil *James*, ( pardon my  
 ole self ) a second Great *Alexander*, and my self the Great *A-*  
 ght.

ut ay. Ay, no doubt Sir Roger.

Rog. Nay, to credit my Good Parts, I always acted upon  
 wn od Principle, I was ever for steering by the Chart of a Good  
 conscience, and though I have stood up so high for Royal Pre-  
 rs of ve, So I always abhorred Invasion of *Rights* and *Property* as  
 u whole practice of my Life, even in my own most diminutive  
 ht erns and Converſe with Mankind, sufficiently testify.

Bro. So very tender Conſcienced ſay you, in all your Concerns!  
 nar there you muſt pardon me. For I have heard a kind of an  
 a Cry amongst ſome Authors and Book-ſellers.

, for Rog. That would pick a hole in my ſcutchion. Alas! poor  
 li B ſnarlers,

snarlers, I know their Malice. Look you, Mr. Fer——, in the  
 Reign of *Inprimatur*, when I was Sovereign Comptroller of the  
 Press, I have made bold sometimes, with a little innocent Pyrrhonism  
 borrowed an Earing or two from the Egyptian Vermin. For when  
 a good Copy came to my hands, I refused it a License, and writ  
 upon the subject my self: And all the Justice in the World. For  
 was not my Commission Absolute, I the Lord of the Glebe; and  
 consequently the first Fruits my own. If that be their feel-  
 sting against me... Look you Sir, at this very time am I now tra-  
 versing the Volume of the Famous *Josephus*. 'Tis true, the Ori-  
 ginal Proprietor of that Divine History has looked upon the Copy  
 as an Estate and Inheritance. Much good may it do him, with  
 Right and Title. Ple find him a *trickum in Lege*, such a fly de-  
 of the Pen, to do his Business for him, whilst by an old slur  
 a little new *English* put upon it, Ple trip up his heels for't as  
 and honestly, as the best fair Fall in a *Lincolns-Inn* Rounds.

[Here a Messenger to call Sir Rog. over to the *Marshalsea*, bro-  
 off the Conference.

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